

# RACKET SQUAD

## IN ACTION



A LAW AND ORDER  
PUBLICATION



EXPOSING THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF ALL RACKETS...  
**THE BLACKMAIL RACKET!**





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



...AND  
DON'T  
FORGET  
THE  
COFFEE!

ANOTHER  
SHORT CHANGE  
GYP...



ALL I HAD WAS COFFEE... BUT I'D BETTER CHANGE A BUCK. I HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL.

TEN CENTS OUT OF A DOLLAR... AND THE PHONE'S RIGHT OVER THERE.



NOW, WHERE DID I WRITE THAT PHONE NUMBER?



WHEN I WROTE DOWN MY MOTHER'S PHONE NUMBER, I HADN'T ANYWHERE TO WRITE IT EXCEPT ON A DOLLAR BILL, SEE IF THERE'S WRITING ON THE ONE I GAVE YOU...



HERE IT IS... THIS MUST BE IT!

OH, THANKS, SO MUCH. HERE TAKE THIS DOLLAR BILL INSTEAD...



OH... BY THE WAY... DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OUT FOR MY COFFEE!

OH, YES. OF COURSE.



HERE YOU ARE, SIR. TEN CENTS OUT OF A DOLLAR.



"AND HE WAS SUCH AN HONEST MAN TO REMIND ME ABOUT THE COFFEE..."



HEY, WAIT! WHY, THE CHEAP CROOK... I GAVE HIM NINETY CENTS CHANGE TWICE!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE CON MAN TURNED A BUCK INTO \$1.80 AND HAD HIS COFFEE TOO!



## RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

# GAIL SHELTON NEVER GUESSED SHE WAS A VICTIM OF... THE **BLACKMAIL RACKET**

UNTIL SHE TOLD HER STORY TO THE LAW AND  
FOUND IT IN HER FAVOR!!!

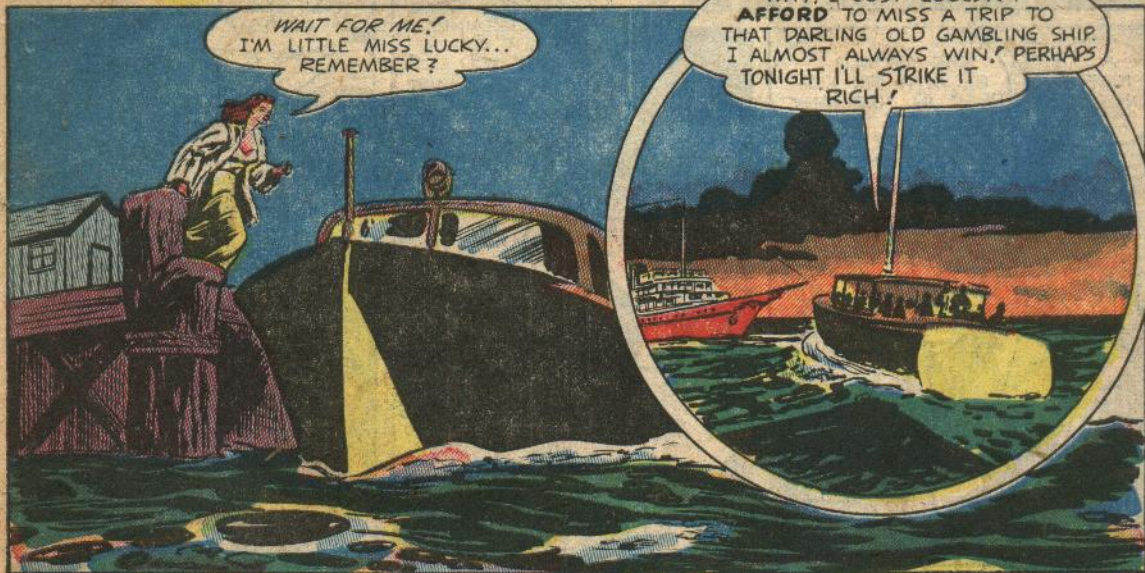


INSPECTOR O'MALLEY

WHEN YOU GET MIXED UP WITH SHADY PEOPLE, THE SHADOWS OFTEN LENGTHEN... AND NEXT THEY GATHER YOU IN! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO GAIL SHELTON, A NICE ENOUGH GIRL WHO HAD SOME BRAINS BUT A LOT MORE MONEY... GAIL THOUGHT IT WAS A LARK TO VISIT MARK ROYAL'S GAMBLING SHIP THE S.S. MERRIWETHER WHICH WAS MOORED OUT BEYOND THE TWELVE MILE LIMIT... SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD AFFORD IT TOO, IF SHE PLAYED HER CHIPS CAREFULLY... BUT—READ ON!!!

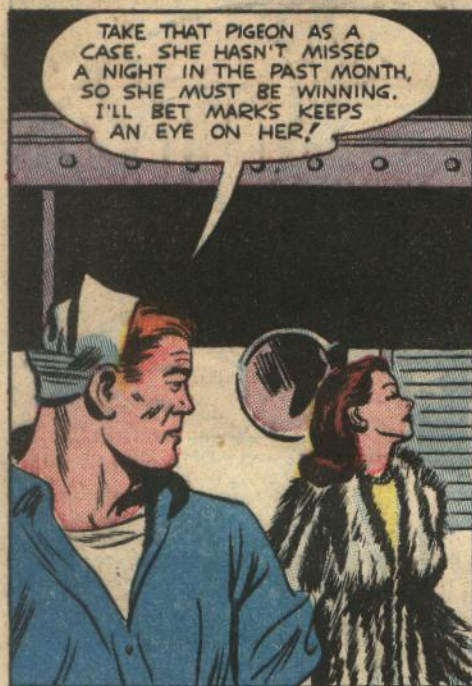
WAIT FOR ME!  
I'M LITTLE MISS LUCKY...  
REMEMBER?

WHY, I JUST COULDN'T  
**AFFORD** TO MISS A TRIP TO  
THAT DARLING OLD GAMBLING SHIP.  
I ALMOST ALWAYS WIN! PERHAPS  
TONIGHT I'LL STRIKE IT  
RICH!





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





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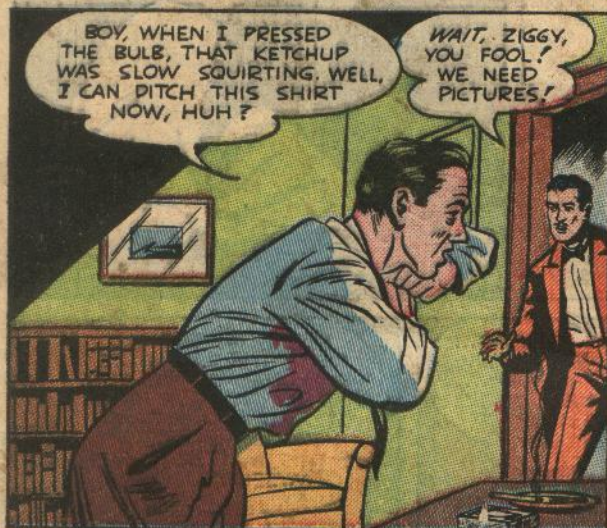
BUT FRED, I CAN'T LET YOU TAKE THE BLAME...

I SAID I'LL HANDLE THIS, GAIL, SO ABOVE ALL, DON'T MAKE A SCENE. NOBODY MUST KNOW THAT YOU WERE HERE!



AS SOON AS GAIL WAS GONE, FRED WENT BACK UPSTAIRS AND FOUND A VERY HEALTHY DEAD MAN WAITING TO GREET HIM !!!

HI, FRED! I GUESS MY DIVE CONVINCED THE DAME THAT SHE'D REALLY CROAKED ME, HUH? THOSE BLANK BULLETS SURE SOUND REAL.



BOY, WHEN I PRESSED THE BULB, THAT KETCHUP WAS SLOW SQUIRTING. WELL, I CAN DITCH THIS SHIRT NOW, HUH?

WAIT, ZIGGY, YOU FOOL! WE NEED PICTURES!



THAT'S ABOUT WHERE YOU WERE, ANYWAY, IT WILL DO.



NOW TO GET BACK TO ROYAL AND SLIP HIM THIS FILM TO KEEP FOR A CONVINCER... IF HE NEEDS IT, WHICH HE PROBABLY WON'T!

A FEW DAYS PASSED AND ALL SEEMED CALM. THEN GAIL RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL WHICH DID MORE THAN STARTLE HER... IT SHOOK HER!!



WHAT'S THAT... A DEAD MAN? BUT I... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT A DEAD MAN...

YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS DEAD MAN, SISTER, AND HE'S THE KIND THAT WILL TELL TALES IF YOU DON'T COUGH UP FIVE GRAND!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS...  
WELL, I CAN AFFORD IT, I GUESS!  
ANYWAY, IT MEANS THE END OF  
THIS HORRIBLE MESS...

**B**UT IT  
WASN'T  
THE END...  
IT WAS JUST  
THE START!  
A WEEK LATER,  
GAIL WAS  
TAPPED FOR  
ANOTHER  
\$5,000 AND  
THE NEXT  
WEEK THERE  
WAS A DEMAND  
FOR \$10,000...  
THAT WAS  
TOO MUCH...



FRED, I MUST  
TALK TO YOU. IT'S  
MORE THAN URGENT.  
IT... IT'S CRITICAL!

TAKE IT  
EASY, GAIL.  
UNTIL WE  
GET  
UPSTAIRS!



YOU MUST HAVE  
TOLD **SOMEBODY**, FRED...  
BECAUSE I HAVE BEEN  
BLACKMAILED FOR  
\$10,000 ALREADY!

I HAVEN'T TOLD  
**ANYONE!** OF  
COURSE I HAD TO  
PAY A MAN TO  
REMOVE THE BODY...



AND HE **MIGHT** HAVE  
SEEN THIS SCARF YOU  
LEFT IN YOUR HURRY.  
THEN OF COURSE, THERE  
WAS THE DOOR MAN...  
AND THE CABBY...

DON'T GO  
ON, FRED!  
I'D BETTER  
PAY!

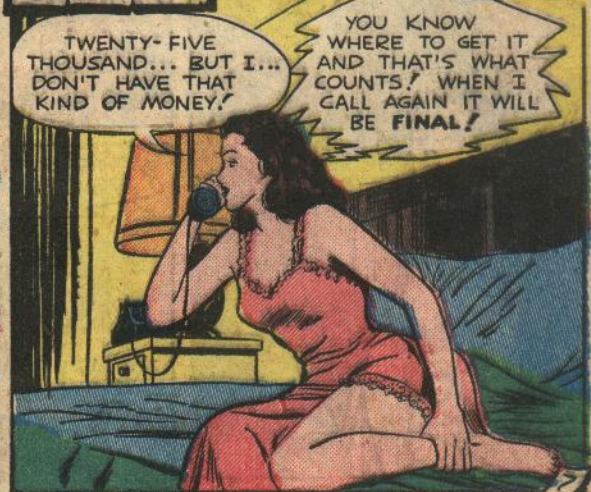


**LATER...**

DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THE SHELTON DAME.  
SHE'LL LEAVE THE TEN  
GRAND WHERE  
YOU TOLD HER...

SHE'S **ALREADY**  
LEFT IT. NOW  
SHE'S READY  
FOR A **BIG**  
TRIM... WITH  
ZIGGY'S PICTURE  
IF WE NEED IT.

**A**NOTHER WEEK AND THE "BITE" REALLY  
CAME! THE VOICE THAT TALKED  
ACROSS THE PHONE TO GAIL DEMANDED  
A FLAT \$25,000 WITHIN TEN DAYS...  
**OR ELSE!!!**



TWENTY-FIVE  
THOUSAND... BUT I...  
DON'T HAVE THAT  
KIND OF MONEY!

YOU KNOW  
WHERE TO GET IT  
AND THAT'S WHAT  
COUNTS! WHEN I  
CALL AGAIN IT WILL  
BE **FINAL!**



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



I WANT TO SELL MY SHORE PROPERTY RIGHT AWAY, UNCLE BEN! I... WELL, I NEED MONEY...

ARE YOU CRAZY, GAIL? WHY, YOU NEED MONEY LIKE A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!



DON'T... DON'T SAY THAT, IT SOUNDS... LIKE MURDER... AND THAT'S WHAT I'M GUILTY OF! **MURDER!**

GET COHERENT, GAIL! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?



WE'VE CHECKED **ALL** THE NEWS-PAPERS AND THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT A MURDER, A MISSING PERSON, OR EVEN AN **ACCIDENT** THAT COULD BE BLAMED ON YOU. WE'RE TAKING THIS TO THE POLICE!

NO, NO, UNCLE BEN!



**UNCLE BEN WON OUT.** WHEN HE AND GAIL CAME TO MY OFFICE THEIR STORY HAD A FAMILIAR RING WITH ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF AN OLD RACKET. THERE WAS ONE WAY TO BLOCK IT: I SPOTTED THAT, TOO...

A FEW DAYS LATER

ABOUT THAT CASH, MISS SHELTON...

THIS IS IT NOW!

GOOD. I'LL GET TO THE CUT-IN!



START OUT WITH THE MONEY ALONE, TAKE THE FIRST CAB YOU SEE, IF YOU'RE FOLLOWED IT'S **ALL OFF!** **CLICK!**

A VERY FAMILIAR VOICE!

WE COULD **GUESS** WHO IS BEHIND THE GAME, BUT I WANT PROOF. I'M ASSIGNING STEVE PRYOR, MY BEST MAN, TO CHECK THAT FINAL PHONE CALL WHEN IT COMES.



THIS IS STEVE PRYOR, FROM HEADQUARTERS.

YES, MR. PRYOR. WE'VE CHECKED THE NUMBER FOR YOU. THE CALL CAME FROM SYCAMORE 6-8324



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



YEAH, BOSS... SHE WILL BE THERE. IF YOU NEED ME, I'M HERE AT MAC'S POOL ROOM... SYCAMORE 6-8324.



I THOUGHT I KNEW YOUR VOICE, ZIGGY... AND YOU ANSWER A DESCRIPTION OF A VERY MYSTERIOUS DEAD MAN...

I'LL GET YOU, PRYOR...



JUST PLAY DEAD AGAIN, ZIGGY. HERE'S A HELP TOWARD IT



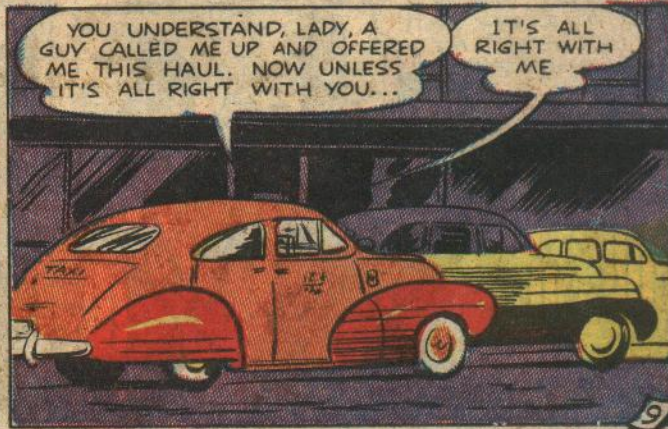
**S**TEVE BROUGHT ZIGGY TO MY OFFICE AND VERY SOON HE WAS A SINGING CANARY—AFTER ALL, IT WASN'T HARD TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HE'D LOSE MORE IF HE DIDN'T TALK THAN IF HE DID!

WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO HOLD YOU ON, ZIGGY, SO YOU'LL MISS YOUR PAY-OFF FROM ROYAL. IF YOU HELP US NOW, YOU MAY GET CLEMENCY...

OKAY. I'LL TELL YOU WHERE ROYAL WILL BE PICKING UP THE DOUGH.



AN HOUR LATER...

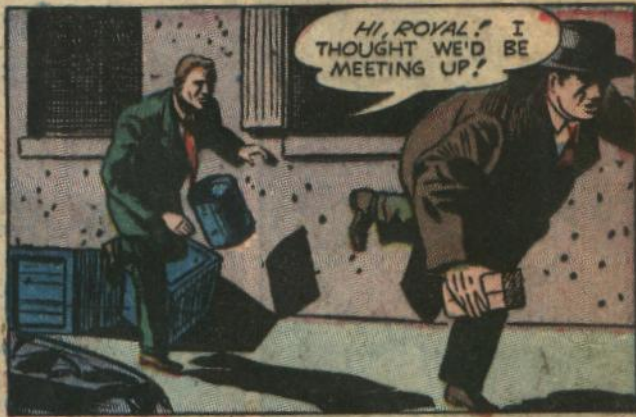


YOU UNDERSTAND, LADY, A GUY CALLED ME UP AND OFFERED ME THIS HAUL. NOW UNLESS IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU...

IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

**N**OBODY COULD BEAT FRISCO PARRY AT THE FAMOUS GAME OF "THREE CARD MONTE" UNTIL POLICE INSPECTOR J.J. O'MALLEY DECIDED TO...

# FIND THE LADY

...AND MAKE CROOKS REALLY SHOW THEIR HANDS!

STAN CAMPBELL





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

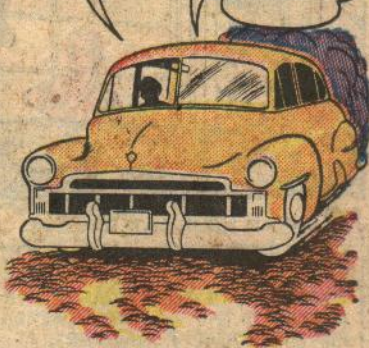


SAY.. WHERE ARE THOSE FELLOWS WHO WERE BETTING ALONG WITH ME AND THE GUY THAT BROUGHT ME HERE?

I WOULDN'T KNOW, CHUMP. I MEAN CHUM! WELL, S'LONG!

TWO HUNDRED SMACKERS, BOYS! FORTY PERCENT FOR ME AND YOU SPLIT THE REST!

SMOOTH DEALING, FRISCO. WE DIDN'T EVEN NEED THE "CONVINCER" TO TAKE THE GUY'S ROLL!



"BUT FRISCO PARRY DIDN'T FIND EVERYTHING RUNNING AS SMOOTHLY AS HIS MONTE GAME..."

EXACTLY! BUT WE SPOT THEM HERE FIRST - THE BIG SPENDERS - THEN I'LL LOOK FOR THEM ON THE BEACH THE NEXT DAY...

AND TIP OFF THE ROPERS WHEN YOU'VE GOT A MARK! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HELLO THERE, HANDSOME AND WHY... HUNGRY! YOU I WISH I DIDN'T REMEMBER ME, WOULD YOU?

WHY... NO. I WISH I DID! WAIT, YOU'RE FROM THE CLUB CAVORTE!



I CALLED YOU HUNGRY BECAUSE YOU WERE EATING WHILE I WAS DOING MY SONG LAST NIGHT.

SO I WAS BUT THE NAME IS LARRY NOT HUNGRY! SPEAKING OF EATING, LET'S HAVE A BITE



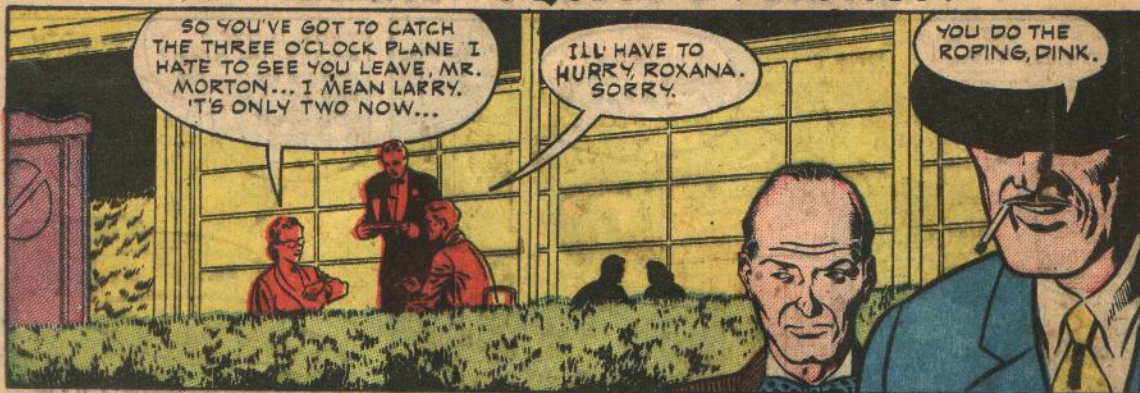
SO! WHEN YOU DO TAKE A CHUMP, IT'S ONLY FOR A HUNDRED BUCKS OR SO! WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR MONTE MOB GO IN FOR REAL SUCKERS?

A GOOD IDEA, ROXANA. BUT WHERE DO WE FIND THEM? LYING AROUND ON THE BEACH?





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



**H**ALF AN HOUR LATER...





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

WHILE LARRY DISTRACTS FRISCO'S ATTENTION, PINK QUICKLY LEANS OVER THE CARDS AND BENDS UP ONE CORNER OF THE QUEEN...



A CIGARETTE? I WOULDN'T MIND ONE, PAL... AFTER ALL, WE'RE JUST MATCHING WITS... AND WE CAN BOTH BE GOOD LOSERS, RIGHT?

RIGHT!

WE CAN BET ALL THE BOODLE IN OUR BUNDLES THIS TIME. I BENT THE CORNER OF THE QUEEN!

AND THE SKY IS THE LIMIT... JUST FIND THE LADY...



THIS? THE QUEEN? WHY, NO... INDEED NO! I'LL TAKE THAT MONEY, PAL...

BUT... BUT I SAW...



COME BACK HERE, YOU... YOU CROOKS !!

GET GOING... AND FAST! WE REALLY TOOK THAT CHARACTER!

LATER... AT THE CLUB CAVORTE...



ONE THOUSAND... JUST FOR YOUR SHARE! WELL, I TOLD YOU HE WAS WELL HEELED! BUT WHAT IF HE COMES BACK HERE?

HE WON'T! HE HASN'T ANY DOUGH LEFT TO BLOW IN A CLIP JOINT LIKE THIS...



"FRISCO WAS RIGHT... LARRY MORTON WAS SO SHORT ON CASH HE COULDN'T EVEN GET OUT OF TOWN. THAT'S WHY HE CAME TO MY

OFFICE...

I'M GLAD YOU CAME HERE, MORTON. USUALLY VICTIMS OF THE MONTE GAME FEEL TOO EMBARRASSED TO TELL THEIR STORY.

THEY PICKED ME SO CLEAN, INSPECTOR, THAT I'D BE ARRESTED FOR VAGRANCY IF I DIDN'T MAKE A COMPLAINT. SO I'M MAKING ONE...





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

"IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EASY TO TRACK DOWN A MONTE MOB IN A RESORT TOWN LIKE SEAVIEW BEACH... BUT MY BEST OPERATIVE, STEVE PRYOR, KEPT DRAWING BLANKS UNTIL ...



YOU'VE BEEN ON IT A WEEK, STEVE, AND IN THE MEANTIME FOUR MORE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN TAKEN... ALL FOR LARGE AMOUNTS. HERE'S THE LATEST... MR. RALPH HARDY...

I JUST DON'T GET IT... WHO ROPED YOU, MR. HARDY?

A TOTAL STRANGER! I'M SURE HE WASN'T AT THE CLUB CAVORTE LAST NIGHT, NOR ON THE BEACH TODAY WHEN I MET ROXANA DELL, WHO SINGS AT THE CLUB...

NEVER MIND ALL THAT... LET'S JUMP AHEAD TO THE MONTE MOB.



WAIT, STEVE! LET'S GO BACK INSTEAD! THE MONTE DEALER'S SLOGAN IS 'FIND THE LADY'... AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO. SHE COULD HAVE SPOTTED MR. HARDY'S BANKROLL FOR THE MOB!



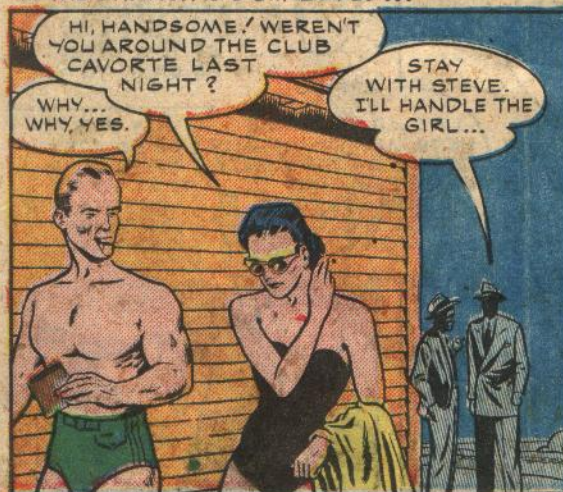
"THAT NIGHT I HAD STEVE PRYOR FLASH A SIZEABLE ROLL AT THE CLUB CAVORTE... PARTICULARLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF ROXANA DELL ...



WHY-Y-Y AM I BL-L-U-UE...

CHANGE FOR THIS FIFTY, WAITER...

AND THE NEXT DAY ON THE BEACH WE FOUND THE LADY... AS I EXPECTED...



HI, HANDSOME! WEREN'T YOU AROUND THE CLUB CAVORTE LAST NIGHT?

WHY... WHY, YES.

STAY WITH STEVE. I'LL HANDLE THE GIRL...

LATER...



A POLICE INSPECTOR! WHY I HAVEN'T DONE A THING...

THAT WE'LL FIND OUT WHEN WE BRING IN YOUR FRIENDS!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THEY ROPED STEVE AND WE'VE SPOTTED A GETAWAY CAR WAITING FOR THE MONTE MOB.

PICK UP THE DRIVER AND NAB THE REST LATER.



NATURALLY, STEVE PLAYED THE PERFECT FALL-GUY, EVEN BITING FOR THE BENT CORNER "CONVINCER"... UNTIL IT CAME TIME TO PAY OFF...

THE QUEEN? NO. IT'S JUST A SPOT CARD. YOU LOSE CHUM...

WAIT. I'VE SOMETHING MORE FOR YOU...

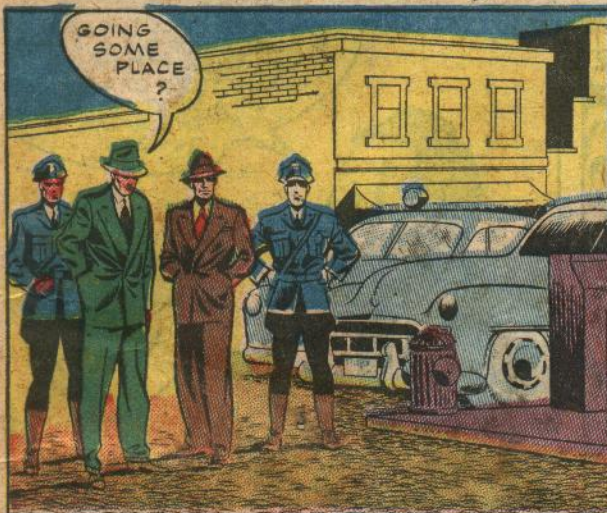


THESE!

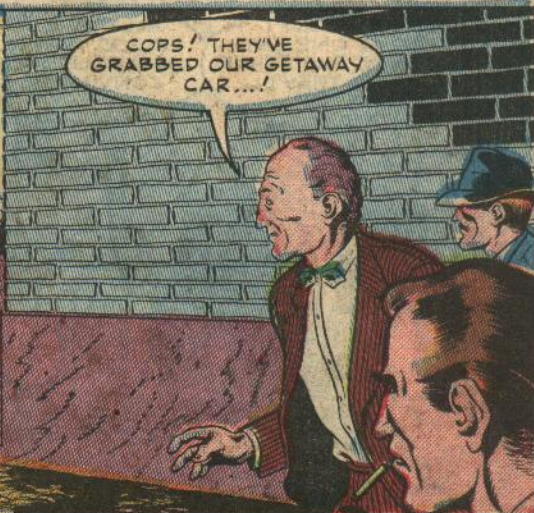
COP! BEAT IT, BOYS!



GOING SOME PLACE?



COPS! THEY'VE GRABBED OUR GETAWAY CAR...!



LATER...

YOU'RE A BIT DUMB YOURSELF, ROXANA... ALL WE WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY WAS THAT YOU KNOW THIS CROOK!

WHY YOU DUMB CLUCK! GETTING YOURSELF NABBED...



I'LL ADMIT EVERYTHING ON THE CHANCE IT WILL GO EASIER WITH ME. JUST LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I DID THE DEAL...

GO RIGHT AHEAD, FRISCO.

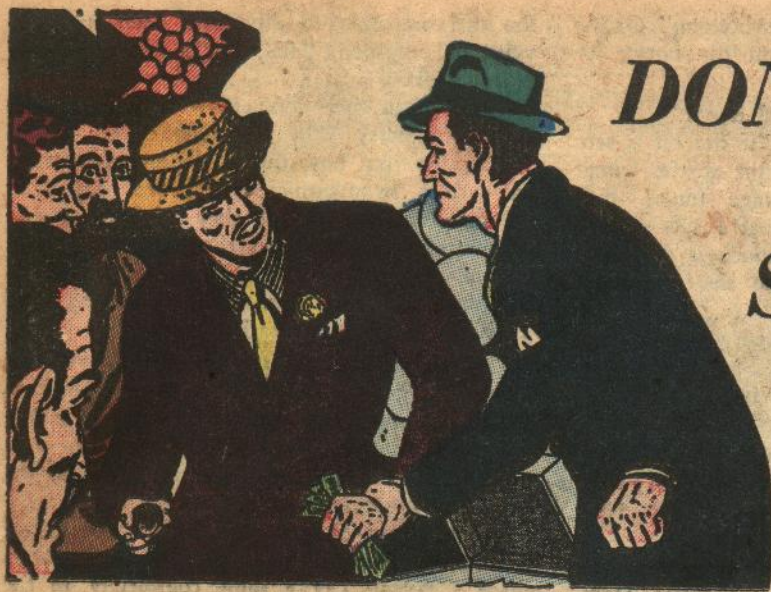




# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION







# DON'T BE A SUCKER

"To my knowledge," stated Griff the Grifter, "there is just one thing on the carnival lot that isn't gaffed — and that thing is the Ferris Wheel. But" — he added this with a solemn nod "if anybody asked me to bet a buck on which car would be at the bottom of the Ferris Wheel when it stops, I wouldn't take a chance. I'd know then that somebody had figured a gaff for the thing. Otherwise, nobody would be offering to put up moola."

"Ever hear of a racket?" queried Griff. "Well, the carnival biz is the original racket. Back when I first came with it — that's going on forty years now — we used to say 'He's in the racket' whenever we referred to another carney."

We went along. A blatant cry greeted us: "Pop 'em in the bucket! Pop 'em in the bucket!" The bucket in question was slanted in back of a counter that was stocked with cheap baseballs and the idea very obviously was to toss a ball into the bucket without having it bounce out. There were three of these buckets in a line and three players were trying to sink baseballs with easy, underhand lobs.

So easy, you just couldn't miss.

That was how it looked, but not how it worked out. The players were placing them in the buckets, but the balls wouldn't stay. Always one popped out, usually the third and last. "Too bad," the grifter behind the counter would say. "Close, but no cigar! No prize this time, but better luck next time!" Only next time, the player invariably missed one ball again.

"I do not have to be a mind reader," declared Griff as he led us on our way, "to reveal your thoughts concerning the bucket game."

You are thinking that the player must get nervous on the final ball and that is why he misses."

"The truth is," stated Griff, "that the operator gets careful. He steps on a pedal alongside the bucket platform and a second bottom presses up against the bucket. The double bottom is tight as a drum and a ball is sure to bounce out when it hits there. Cute, the way the grifter stands close to root that last ball home, like he really wanted the chump to win for once. He has to stand close to step on the gaff."

Griff stopped next at a counter where players were taking turns bombarding a big stuffed tomcat that was perched on a stand near the back canvas. Every now and then, somebody scored a direct hit that flattened the huge cat, but nobody seemed to win. The reason was soon explained.

"Gotta knock him off!" the operator shrilled. "Gotta knock Big Tom off the stand! Here, grandpop!" — he trust a ball into Griff's hand — "you look like an old time ball player. Why don't you try? This one's on the house."

Griff sighted on Big Tom, winged a swift pitch that caught the stuffed cat amidships and knocked it clear of the stand. By the time the object landed on the ground, the concession was doing a land office business. Players were buying throws on a three-for-a-quarter basis, all sure they could emulate the speed and skill of an old codger like Griff.

They were knocking Big Tom over when we left, but still nobody but Griff could sweep him off the perch. Griff told us why, when we were safely along the Midway.



"The cat is weighted at the bottom," Griff explained, "so heavily that you can knock it down, but never off."

"Never off? But you knocked it off."

"Never off," repeated Griff. "if the cat is set where it should be, against a pin at the front of the shelf. But to encourage trade, the operator sometimes sets the cat at a spot a few inches back. Then, when you knock it down, it will topple off the back of the shelf, since it is overbalanced."

"Then the operator recognized you and set the gaff for you to win?"

"You are catching on quickly, chump," expressed Griff. "Excuse me, I mean chum. Yes, like the Bucket Game, Big Tom is tried and true. When a game never grows old, you know it's got something. Still, new ones do keep cropping up. I'll show you."

Griff took us to a most curious contrivance. Behind a counter was a large pedestal from which a stream of air blew steadily upward, keeping a hundred or more ping-pong balls floating in constant circulation. The thing was fascinating to watch, the balls being literally balanced on the continual current. However, since they were always getting in each other's way, the result was a swirl in which balls would drop down into a vortex, then get blown up again. Hence the whole mass was in a haphazard, ever-shifting formation.

The coy girl behind the counter took a net and dipped it into a whirl of balls. The net was transparent, so you saw that it went in empty before it came out bringing a ball. The girl took the ball from the net, showed a number that was stamped on it. She smiled.

"See how lucky I am?" The girl said. "Number Nine. That's one of the low numbers" — she gestured to a chart — "and you'd have gotten a big prize if you'd picked this ball. Why don't you try?"

Griff nodded, so we tried, after the girl had tossed the Nine Ball back into the swirl. But every ball we netted — at a dime a ball — had a number higher than ten. Those high numbers just didn't count. We couldn't even win a tin whistle.

"Don't tell us that game is gaffed, Griff," we argued as we walked away. "It was just bad luck. The girl picked a good one, only we didn't."

"That," stated Griff, "was skill — not chance."

"You mean it wasn't a game of chance?"

"The Blower, as it is familiarly known," declared Griff, "is not a game of chance, because the customer has no chance. Behind the counter,

the girl was able to dip down deep into the whirl of ping-pong balls. That's where the low numbers stay."

"You mean they don't blow as high as the bigger numbers? Why not, Griff?"

"Because, my boy, they are previously treated with a hypodermic syringe. Not doped in the usual fashion, though they are given a shot of mercury, which allows them to balance and behave normally in the air-current — except that they keep low. Low numbers — stay low! Then the sims can't reach them."

Griff was still chuckling over the Blower and its ways when we stopped beside a platform where customers were tossing dimes on cigarette packs that were lying there. All the packs were of the sort that had a big printed circle on the side. The object was to land a coin there.

"Here's your chance to be lucky!" the grifter told the customers. "Get your cigarettes at a dime a carton! Lay a dime completely in the circle and win a carton of cigarettes."

Those dimes just wouldn't stay in the circle. Always, they slid over the edge and a good many of them flopped off the pack entirely. The platform was nearly carpeted with dimes when we left.

"A nice gaff," nodded Griff, approvingly. "Sort of factory-made. Whoever invented cellophane must have wanted to help out the carney grifters. There's just too much slide; a dime never will stop inside the circle."

As a contrast between the new and old, Griff steered us to another cigarette game, one we'd often seen before. Packs of cigarettes were stand on little glass shelves and the game was to knock them off with corks fired from a pop-gun.

We tried our marksmanship and missed with surprising regularity. Just as you'd get the feel of a gun, you'd find your aim was off worse than ever. The corks varied in weight, but after you'd caught onto that, you still couldn't score many hits. At last Griff gave the operator a wink.

"Hold the gun away from you," Griff suggested, "and then look straight along the barrel."

You could see it easily. Somebody had put the gun in a vise and bent the barrel ever so slightly. What it did to your aim was plenty. The better the marksman, the more it hurt.

"And that," Griff decided, "is the neatest gaff along the Midway."

We'd found out one thing from old Griff, the Grifter. The more you see of carnival games, the more you recognize the odds against you. Don't be deceived by occasional winners. They are almost invariably "shills" working with the concessions.



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

**M**Y NAME IS SIDNEY RADNER AND I COVER THE COUNTRY EXPOSING CROOKED GAMBLERS. THEY'RE FOUND EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN BOWLING ALLEYS WHICH ARE LITERALLY ON THE LEVEL... AND HERE IS HOW SUCH CROOKS TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HONEST BOWLERS... THE STORY OF TWO GAMBLERS, TIM AGNEW AND JERRY GREBB...

**G**AMBLERS NEVER GAMBLE. THEY PREFER SURE MONEY WHEN MAKING A BET. THEIR MOTTO IS...

## HOOK LINE and SUCKER!



THAT RAY DOZO SURE LOOKS LIKE THE COMING CHAMP, JERRY. THERE HE GOES WITH ANOTHER STRIKE!

YEAH, TIM. BUT I'M MORE INTERESTED IN HIS WIND-UP. WATCH WHEN HE BOWLS AGAIN!



SEE HOW HE STARTS CLEAR BACK AT THOSE CHAIRS? WHY, HE'D BE SITTING IN OUR LAPS IF WE WERE THERE!

I GET IT, JERRY. LET'S GO AND PUT SOME DOUGH ON THE BIG MATCH.



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



BUT HERE'S A COUPLE OF GRAND AGAINST DOZO, MARGE. ONLY LIST IT UNDER THESE PHONEY NAMES.



THE NIGHT OF THE BIG MATCH

I COULDN'T WANT ANY BETTER. I HEAR YOU BOYS HAVE MONEY ON ME.



WATCH THIS TEN STRIKE, FELLOWS! I'M IN FETTER FOR THIS MATCH!



YOU'RE DOING GREAT, DOZO! EVEN A COUPLE OF SPARES WILL CINCH THIS GAME!

DOING OKAY, EH?



BUT SOMETHING BEGAN TO GO WRONG WITH DOZO'S GAME...

HE MUST'VE GONE OFF STRIDE! HE HASN'T MADE A STRIKE IN THE LAST THREE FRAMES.



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



NOW DOZO CAN'T EVEN MAKE A SPARE!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GETTING ME, BOYS. I JUST SEEM TO LOSE STRIDE...

TAKE IT EASY. YOU'LL PULL THROUGH.



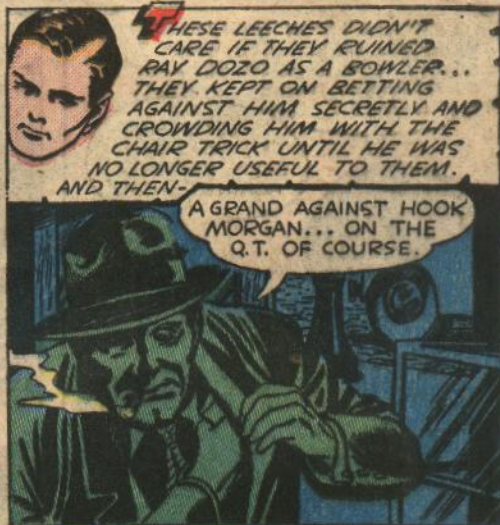
OOOPS! I MUST HAVE SLIPPED!

THERE GOES THE MATCH!



AT FIVE TO ONE AGAINST DOZO YOU **REALLY** TOOK THE BOOKIES UNDER THOSE PSEYDONYMES YOU USED.

RIGHT. AND HERE'S A LITTLE SWEETENING FOR YOU, SUGAR, JUST TO FORGET IT!



THESE LEECHES DIDN'T CARE IF THEY RUINED RAY DOZO AS A BOWLER... THEY KEPT ON BETTING AGAINST HIM SECRETLY AND CROWDING HIM WITH THE CHAIR TRICK UNTIL HE WAS NO LONGER USEFUL TO THEM. AND THEN—

A GRAND AGAINST HOOK MORGAN... ON THE Q.T. OF COURSE.



AGAINST HOOK MORGAN... WHY HE'S SURE TO WIN THAT MATCH AT THE CAPITOL TONIGHT.

NO HE WON'T. WE WERE THERE THIS AFTERNOON, AHEAD OF HIM!



THAT NIGHT

HOOK MORGAN DOESN'T HAVE HIS FAMOUS HOOK TONIGHT!



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THE FAMOUS HOOK MORGAN WAS STARTING THE DOWN-GRADE LIKE RAY DOZO WHEN I ARRIVED IN TOWN AND GAVE A LECTURE ON GAMBLING AT ONE OF THE SERVICE CLUBS...



A GREAT TALK, SID! MAYBE YOU CAN SOLVE A LOCAL MYSTERY. SOMEBODY SEEMS TO BE PUTTING THE FIX ON THE BOWLING MATCHES. THERE'S A MATCH TONIGHT IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO LOOK IN

I CERTAINLY WOULD!




THAT'S HOOK MORGAN. HE DEPENDS ON A TERRIFIC HOOK SHOT DOWN THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ALLEY...



ONLY HIS HOOK HASN'T BEEN WORKING LATELY. SEE WHAT I MEAN? COULD HOOK BE THROWING THESE GAMES?

LET'S FIND OUT WHO HAS BEEN BETTING AGAINST HIM!



TIM AGNEW AND JERRY GREBB... A COUPLE OF LOCAL HOT-SHOTS...

WE'LL TALK TO THE GIRL AFTER THEY LEAVE.



HANDLING BETS IS ILLEGAL TO BEGIN WITH... AND FIXED BETS ARE ALL THE WORSE!

I KNOW THAT. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW. TIM AND JERRY CAN FIX THAT BOWLING MATCH AT THE REGAL ALLEY TOMORROW.



WHEN THEY PUT THIS CASH AGAINST HOOK MORGAN, THEY SAID THEY'D GET TO THE ALLEY BEFORE HE DID... THAT'S ALL!


THAT'S ENOUGH TOMORROW, WE'LL GET TO THE ALLEY BEFORE THEY DO!



NOTHING IS SO LONESOME AS A BOWLING ALLEY IN THE MORNING! I FIGURED THAT TIM AND JERRY WERE PLAYING ON THAT FACTOR... SO I GOT THERE AHEAD AND I TOOK HOOK MORGAN WITH ME!

WE'LL GET IN THE OFFICE, HOOK, AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.

I'M BAFLED, SO FAR!





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

**W**E HADN'T MORE THAN AN HOUR TO WAIT BEFORE OUR MEN SHOWED UP, DISGUISED AS WORKMEN...

GET BUSY WITH THE SAND-PAPER, JERRY, WHILE I LOOK AROUND.

THERE'S NOBODY HERE, TIM. LEND ME A HAND SO WE CAN FINISH QUICKER

THIS WILL DO. WE DON'T CARE IF HIS HOOK DOES WORK AFTER IT GETS THIS FAR!

"HOOK" WILL JUST THINK HIS GAME IS OFF-AS USUAL!

SAY...WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S RADNER AND I HAVE A FRIEND WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU.

IT'S HOOK MORGAN! WE GOTTA LAM, TIM!

YES, IT'S HOOK MORGAN... AND HERE'S WHERE I PUT THE HOOK ON YOU, AGNEW!

IF IT ISN'T MY OLD BUDDY, JERRY GREBB REMEMBER ME. RAY DOZO?

NICE GOING, RAY!

**LATER**

I'VE STILL GOT MY HOOK WHEN I USE A REGULAR ALLEY!

AND YOU'LL BE IN FORM TOO, RAY. IF YOU DON'T LET WRONG GUYS WORK THE CHAIR TRICK ON YOU!

**WHAT WAS THE END OF THE BOWLING "FIX" AT LEAST IN ONE TOWN.. BUT WATCH FOR GYPS LIKE TIM AND JERRY. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!**

**The END**



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

## DR. NEFF

THE ORIGINAL GHOST-BREAKER  
TEAMS WITH INSPECTOR O'MALLEY IN

## SMASHING THE SPOOK RACKET

DR. NEFF'S  
GHOST  
SHOW!



DOCTOR "BILL" NEFF

FOR YEARS, DOCTOR NEFF HAS TRAVELED FROM COAST TO COAST, THRILLING AND CHILLING THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WITH HIS COMBINATION MYSTERY AND GHOST SHOW... NOW MEET THIS ACTUAL PERSONAGE OF THE STAGE IN A FAST FICTION ADVENTURE...

YOU KNOW, MARY, NEFF MAY BE JUST THE CHAP TO CRACK DOWN ON PROFESSOR LORENZO AND HIS SPOOK RACKET!

HERE'S HOPING, INSPECTOR!

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT, DON'T WORRY. NOTHING CAN HAPPEN... OH, NO, MAYBE I SPOKE TOO SOON!

GRRRR

YOW!

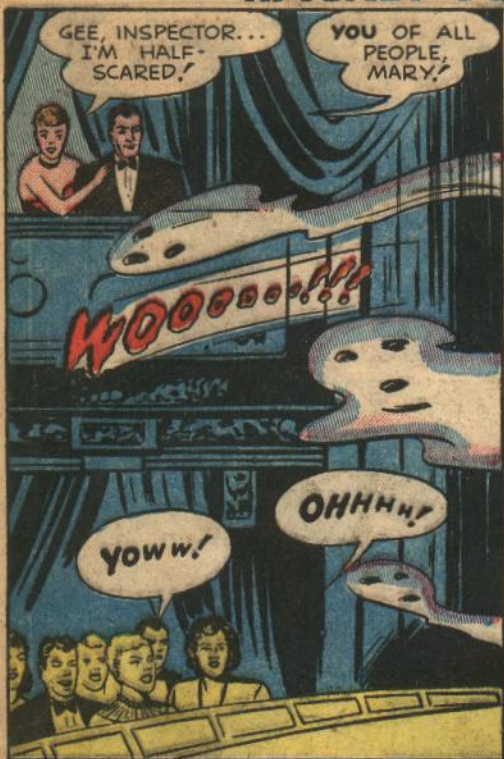
OHhhh!

WOW!

"LISTEN TO THAT AUDIENCE! I'LL BET THIS WOULD THROW A CHILL INTO THAT PHONEY LORENZO."



# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION









# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION



THAT WAS JUST THE START OF A PARADE OF SPOOKS THAT CAME AND LEFT WITH THEIR LOOT... AND ALL THE WHILE, LORENZO KEPT UP A RUNNING COMMENT...





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION





# RACKET SQUAD IN ACTION

THE MONEY AND JEWELRY THAT THOSE OTHER "SPOOKS" TOOK! IT'S ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED.



WE'LL ADD THESE TO THE OTHER EXHIBITS, LORENZO. I'M TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS WITH THAT HINDU ACCOMPLICE OF YOURS...



HEY! I'LL HANDLE THIS HINDU WILD-CAT... BUT SOMEBODY STOP LORENZO!



HURRY... HE'LL GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL STOP HIM WITH A HYPNOTIC PASS!



BUT HOW IN THE WORLD!

LORENZO TRIPPED OVER THIS ALARM WIRE THAT ABKAR PLACED HERE IN CASE THE PLACE WAS RAIDED.



I NOTICED THE WIRE AND AVOIDED IT COMING IN, BUT LORENZO FORGOT IT GOING OUT!

COME ON, PROFESSOR. YOUR SPOOKS WILL BE WAITING AT HEADQUARTERS.



THAT WAS THE FINISH OF PROFESSOR LORENZO'S SPOOK RACKET, THANKS TO DOCTOR NEFF, THE FAMOUS GHOST-BREAKER! WHEN NEFF AND HIS SHOW COME YOUR WAY, WATCH FOR THEM!!!

J. J. O'Malley

THE END



# THE NUMBERS RACKET

"RUNNERS" WHO COLLECT BETS HANG AROUND SCHOOLS AND RECREATION CENTERS AND ENCOURAGE YOUNGSTERS TO BET THEIR LUNCH MONEY ON THE NUMBERS.



FRANK FROLLO



THE NUMBERS GAME - ORIGINATED IN CUBA AND BECAME ONE OF THE BIGGEST RACKETS IN THIS COUNTRY. A PARTICULARLY VICIOUS PHASE OF THE GAME IS AFFECTING THE HEALTH OF SCHOOL BOYS AND GIRLS.

IN SOME CITIES IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT CASES OF ACTUAL UNDER-NOURISHMENT DEVELOPED IN CHILDREN PLAYING THE RACKET WITH THEIR LUNCH AND MILK MONEY. **DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!**

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INTERLOCKING HANDS OF FIRM SUPPORT\*



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Rush COMMANDER on approval in Plain Wrapper by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage. If not delighted with immediate results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund. (Special Large Sizes 48 to 60—\$3.98.)

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Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ I enclose \$2.98 [or \$3.98 for sizes 48 to 60] Ward Green Co. pays postage. Same refund offer holds.

☐ Also send.....extra crotch pieces. (75¢ each, 3 for \$2.00.)

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\*TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE



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MOST ANY  
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THE  
BODY WITH

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**Spot Reducer**

**Relaxing • Soothing  
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AND  
APPLY



UNDERWRITERS  
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FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and turkish bath—MASSAGE!

**L**IKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish: Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

**TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!**  
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With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

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When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

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**LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE**

MAIL THIS 10 DAY—FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!